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A

CATHOLIC HYMN-BOOK.

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A

CATHOLIC HYMN-BOOK,

FOR
SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE USE.



LONDON :
JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET,
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The following Hymns have been selected, with two exceptions, from "Lyra Catholica, containing all the Breviary and Missal Hymns, translated by Edward Caswall, M.A. London, 1849."

CONTENTS.

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

	PAGE
Above the starry spheres <i>Jam Christus astra ascenderat.</i>	45
Again the Sunday morn <i>Ad templa nos rursus vocat.</i>	11
All ye who seek a certain cure <i>Quicumque certum queritis.</i>	55
All ye who seek, in hope and love <i>Quicumque Christum queritis.</i>	62
At the Cross her station keeping <i>Stabat Mater dolorosa.</i>	35
Bethlehem! of noblest cities <i>O sola magnarum urbium.</i>	23
Come, O Creator Spirit blest <i>Veni Creator Spiritus.</i>	46
Daughters of Sion! royal maids <i>Exite Sion filie.</i>	28
Down in adoration falling <i>Tantum ergo sacramentum.</i>	75
Forth comes the Standard of the King <i>Vexilla Regis prodeunt.</i>	34
Gentle Star of ocean <i>Ave maris Stella.</i>	69
Giver of life, eternal Lord <i>Salutis aeternae dator.</i>	61
Glory and praise to Thee, Redeemer blest <i>Gloria, laus, et honor.</i>	38
Hail, Jesus, hail! who for my sake <i>Viva, viva Gesh.</i>	33
Hail, O Queen of Heav'n enthron'd <i>Ave Regina caelorum.</i>	15
Hail to Thee! true Body, sprung <i>Ave, verum corpus natum.</i>	76
Hail, wounds! which through eternal years <i>Salvete Christi vulnera.</i>	32

	PAGE
Hark! an awful voice is sounding	18
<i>En clara vox redarguit.</i>	
Holy Mother! pierce me through	36
<i>Sancta Mater, istud agas.</i>	
Holy Spirit! Lord of light	47
<i>Veni Sancte Spiritus.</i>	
Jesu, Redeemer of the world	18
<i>Jesu Redemptor omnium.</i>	
Jesu! the very thought of Thee	23
<i>Jesu dulcis memoria.</i>	
Joseph! our certain hope of life	57
<i>Cœlitum Joseph decus atque nostræ.</i>	
Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven	16
<i>Regina cœli latere.</i>	
Let us with hearts renew'd	49
<i>Sacris solemnibus juncta sint gaudia.</i>	
Lo! upon the Altar lies	52
<i>Eccæ panis angelorum.</i>	
Lovely flowers of martyrs, hail	21
<i>Salvete flores martyrum.</i>	
Maker of Heav'n, eternal light	17
<i>Creator ælme siderum.</i>	
Mother of Almighty God	64
<i>Te Mater alma Numinis.</i>	
Mother of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry	15
<i>Alma Redemptoris Mater.</i>	
Mother of mercy, hail, O gentle Queen	16
<i>Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ.</i>	
Mother of our Lord and Saviour	68
<i>Te Redemptoris Dominique nostri.</i>	
My God, I love Thee, not because	39
<i>O Deus, ego amo Te.</i>	
Nigher still, and still more nigh	78
<i>Dies iræ, dies illa.</i>	
Now at the Lamb's high festival	41
<i>Ad regias agni dapes.</i>	
Now doth the fiery sun decline	49
<i>Jam sol recedit igneus.</i>	
Now doth the sun ascend the sky	10
<i>Jam lucis orto sidere.</i>	
Now with the fast-departing light	12
<i>Te lucis ante terminum.</i>	
Now with the rising golden dawn	10
<i>Lux ecce surgit aurea.</i>	
O blest Creator of the light	13
<i>Lucis Creator optime.</i>	

O'erwhelm'd in depths of woe	26
<i>Savo dolorum turbine.</i>	
O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee	77
<i>Adoro Te devote latens Deitas.</i>	
Oh, come, all ye faithful	19
<i>Adeste fideles.</i>	
Oh, turn those blessed points, all bath'd	29
<i>Tinctam ergo Christi sanguine.</i>	
O Jesu! King most wonderful	24
<i>Jesu Rex admirabilis.</i>	
O Jesu! life-spring of the soul	59
<i>Te splendor et virtus Patris.</i>	
O Jesu! Thou the beauty art	25
<i>Jesu decus angelicum.</i>	
O saving Victim! opening wide	76
<i>O salutaris Hostia.</i>	
O Thou eternal King most high	43
<i>Æterne Rex altissime.</i>	
O Thou eternal Source of love	48
<i>Summa Parens clementia.</i>	
O Thou, of all thy warriors Lord	71
<i>Deus tuorum militum.</i>	
O Thou true life of all that live	14
<i>Rerum Deus tenax vigor.</i>	
Our limbs with tranquil sleep-refresh'd	9
<i>Somno reflectis artubus.</i>	
Rejoice, O ye Spirits and Angels on high	67
<i>O vos ætheri plaudite cives.</i>	
Ruler of the dread immense	60
<i>Æterne Rector siderum.</i>	
See from on high, array'd in truth and grace	25
<i>Aspice ut Verbum Patris a supernis.</i>	
See! where in shame the God of glory hangs	39
<i>Aspice infami Deus ipse ligno.</i>	
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory	31
<i>Pange lingua gloriosi.</i>	
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory	74
<i>Pange lingua gloriosi.</i>	
Sion, lift thy voice, and sing	50
<i>Lauda Sion Salvatorem.</i>	
Spotless Anna! Juda's glory	56
<i>Clara dei gaudia.</i>	
Star of Jacob, ever beaming	65
<i>O stella Jacob fulgida.</i>	
Sweet Morn! thou Parent of the Sun	62
<i>Aurora que Solem parit.</i>	

	PAGE
The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore <i>Iste Confessor Domini, colentes.</i>	72
The dawn was purpling o'er the sky <i>Aurora cælum purpurat.</i>	40
The life which God's Incarnate Word <i>Quæ dixit, egit, pertulit.</i>	22
The Lord's eternal gifts <i>Æterna Christi munera.</i>	70
This day the wondrous mystery <i>Mysterium mirabile.</i>	30
Thou Crown of all the Virgin choir <i>Jesu corona Virginum.</i>	73
Thou loving Maker of mankind <i>Audi benigne Conditor.</i>	29
To all who would holily live <i>Quicumque sanus vivere.</i>	57
To Christ, the Prince of Peace <i>Summi Parentis filio.</i>	54
Virgin of all virgins best <i>Virgo virginum præclara.</i>	36
What a sea of tears and sorrow <i>O quot undis lachrymarum.</i>	66
What mortal tongue can sing thy praise <i>Quis te canat mortalium?</i>	63
Ye faithful, approach ye <i>Adeste fideles.</i>	20
Ye sons and daughters of the Lord <i>O filii et filia.</i>	42



HYMNS
FOR SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE USE,
SELECTED FROM
"LYRA CATHOLICA."

MORNING HYMNS.

Somno refectis artubus.

OUR limbs with tranquil sleep refresh'd,
Lightly from bed we spring ;
Father supreme ! to us be nigh,
While to thy praise we sing.

Thy love be first in every heart,
Thy name on every tongue ;
Whatever we this day may do,
May it in Thee be done.

Soon will the morning star arise,
And chase the dusk away ;
Whatever guilt has come with night,
May it depart with day.

Cut off in us, Almighty Lord,
All that may lead to shame ;
So with pure hearts may we in bliss
Thine endless praise proclaim.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, coequal Son !
 Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
 While ceaseless ages run.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

Now doth the sun ascend the sky,
 And wake creation with its ray ;
 Keep us from sin, O Lord most high !
 Through all the actions of the day.

Curb Thou for us th' unruly tongue ;
 Teach us the way of peace to prize ;
 And close our eyes against the throng
 Of earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our hearts be pure within !
 No cherish'd madness vex the soul !
 May abstinence the flesh restrain,
 And its rebellious pride control.

So when the evening stars appear,
 And in their train the darkness bring
 May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
 Our praise to thy pure glory sing.

To God the Father glory be,
 And to his sole-begotten Son ;
 The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
 While everlasting ages run.

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

Now with the rising golden dawn,
 Let us, the children of the day,
 Cast off the darkness which so long
 Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
 Its own sweet calm in us instil ;
 A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
 Simplicity of word and will :

And ever, as the day glides by,
 May we the busy senses rein ;
 Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
 Nor let the body suffer stain.

For all day long, on Heaven's high tower,
 There stands a Sentinel, who spies
 Our every action, hour by hour,
 From early dawn till daylight dies.

To God the Father glory be,
 And to his sole-begotten Son ;
 The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
 While everlasting ages run.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Ad templa nos rursus vocat.

AGAIN the Sunday morn
 Calls us to prayer and praise ;
 Waking our hearts to gratitude
 With its enlivening rays.

But Christ yet brighter shone,
 Quenching the morning beam ;
 When triumphing from death He rose,
 And rais'd us up with Him.

When first the world sprang forth,
 In majesty array'd,
 And bath'd in streams of purest light ;—
 What power was there display'd !

But oh, what love!—when Christ,
 For our transgressions slain,
 Was by th' Eternal Father rais'd
 For us to life again.

His new-created world
 The mighty Maker view'd,
 With thousand lovely tints adorn'd ;
 And straight pronounced it good.

But oh! much more He joy'd
 That self-same world to see,
 Wash'd in the Lamb's all-saving Blood,
 From its impurity.

Nature each day renews
 Her beauty evermore ;
 Whence to God's hidden Majesty,
 The soul is taught to soar.

But Christ, the Light of all,
 The Father's image blest,
 Gives us to see our God Himself
 In Flesh made manifest.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe
 That to thy guidance true,
 What Thou forbiddest, we may shun ;
 What Thou commandest, do.

 EVENING HYMNS.

Te lucis ante terminum.

1. Now with the fast-departing light,
 Maker of all! we ask of Thee,
 Of thy great mercy, through the night
 Our guardian and defence to be.

2. Far off let idle visions fly ;
 No phantom of the night molest :
 Curb Thou our raging enemy,
 That we in chaste repose may rest.
3. Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

1.

Tē lucis ante terminum,
 Rerum Creator poscimus ;
 Ut pro tua clementia,
 Sis præsul et custodia.

2.

Procul recedant somnia,
 Et noctium phantasmata ;
 Hostemque nostrum com-
 prime,
 Ne polluantur corpora.

3.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
 Patrique compar Unice,
 Cum Spiritu Paraclito
 Regnans per omne sæculum.

Lucis Creator optime.

1. O BLESSED Creator of the light !
 Who dost the dawn from darkness bring ;
 And framing Nature's depth and height,
 Didst with the new-born light begin ;
2. Who gently blending eve with morn,
 And morn with eve, didst call them day :—
 Thick flows the flood of darkness down ;
 Oh, hear us as we weep and pray !
3. Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime ;
 Nor guilt remorseful let them know ;
 Nor, thinking but on things of time,
 Into eternal darkness go.

4. Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door ;
 Teach us the prize of life to win ;
 Teach us all evil to abhor,
 And purify ourselves within.

5. Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

1.
 Lucis Creator optime,
 Lucem dierum proferens,
 Primordiis lucis novæ
 Mundi parans originem :

2.
 Qui mane junctum vesperi
 Diem vocari præcipis ;
 Illabitur tetrum chaos,
 Audi preces cum fletibus.

3.
 Ne mens gravata crimine,
 Vitæ sit exul munere,

Dum nil perenne cogitat,
 Seseque culpis illigat.

4.
 Cœleste pulset ostium :
 Vitale tollat præmium :
 Vitemus omne noxium :
 Purgemus omne pessimum.

5.
 Præsta, Pater piissime,
 Patrique compar Unice,
 Cum Spiritu Paraclito
 Regnans per omne sæculum.

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

O THOU true life of all that live !
 Who dost, unmov'd, all motion sway ;
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day :

Thy light upon our evening pour,—
 So may our souls no sunset see ;
 But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT TO THE FEAST
OF THE PURIFICATION.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

MOTHER of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky!
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made!
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid:
Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

ALMA Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia cœli,
Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti,
Surgere qui curat, populo: tu quæ genuisti,
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem,
Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore,
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

FROM THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN TO
PALM SUNDAY.

Ave Regina cœlorum.

HAIL, O Queen of Heav'n enthron'd!
Hail, by angels Mistress own'd!
Root of Jesse! Gate of morn!
Whence the world's true Light was born:
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in Heav'n they see:
Fairest thou where all are fair!
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

Ave Regina cœlorum,	Gaude virgo gloriosa,
Ave Domina Angelorum:	Super omnes speciosa:
Salve radix, salve porta,	Vale O valde decora,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.	Et pro nobis Christum exora.

16 ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

FROM EASTER SUNDAY TO WHITSUNDAY.

Regina cœli lætare.

Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven ! Alleluia.
He whom thou wast meet to bear ; Alleluia.
As He promis'd, hath arisen ; Alleluia.
Pour for us to Him thy prayer ; Alleluia.

REGINA cœli lætare, Alleluia.
Quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia.
Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia.
Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia.

FROM TRINITY SUNDAY TO THE LAST SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ.

MOTHER of mercy, hail, O gentle Queen !
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all hail !
Children of Eve,
To thee we cry from our sad banishment ;
To thee we send our sighs,
Weeping and mourning in this tearful vale.
Come, then, our Advocate ;
Oh, turn on us those pitying eyes of thine :
And our long exile past,
Shew us at last
Jesus, of thy pure womb the fruit divine.
O Virgin Mary, Mother blest !
O sweetest, gentlest, holiest !

SALVE regina, mater misericordiæ, vita, dulcedo, et
spes nostra, salve.

Ad te clamamus exules filii Hevæ.

Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes in hac lacry-
marum valle.

Eja ergo advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes
oculos ad nos converte.

Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis
post hoc exilium ostende.

O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS IN ADVENT.

Creator ælme siderum.

MAKER of Heav'n, eternal light
 Of all who in thy name believe !
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind !
 An ear to thy poor suppliants give.

When man was sunk in sin and death,
 Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
 Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,
 By taking of those ills a share.

Thou, for the sake of guilty men,
 Causing thine own pure blood to flow,
 Didst issue from thy Virgin shrine,
 And to the Cross a Victim go.

So great the glory of thy might,
 If we but chance thy name to sound,
 At once all Heaven and Hell unite
 In bending low with awe profound.

Great Judge of all! in that last day,
 When friends shall fail, and foes combine,
 Be present then with us, we pray,
 To guard us with thy arm divine.

To God the Father, and the Son,
 All praise and power and glory be ;
 With Thee, O holy Comforter !
 Henceforth through all eternity.

[Within the Octave of the Feast of the Conception.]

O Jesu ! born of Virgin bright,
 Immortal glory be to Thee ;
 Praise to the Father infinite,
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

En clara vox redarguit.

HARK! an awful voice is sounding ;
 " Christ is nigh !" it seems to say ;
 " Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 O ye children of the day ! "

Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
 Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo ! the Lamb so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from Heaven ;
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
 One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next He comes with glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 May He then as our Defender
 On the clouds of Heav'n appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 To the Father and the Son,
 With the everlasting Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

JESU, Redeemer of the world,
 Who, ere the earliest dawn of light,
 Wast from eternal ages born,
 Immense in glory as in might ;

Immortal Hope of all mankind !
 In whom the Father's face we see ;
 Hear Thou the prayers thy people pour
 This day throughout the world to Thee.

Remember, O Creator Lord !
 That in the Virgin's sacred womb
 Thou wast conceiv'd, and of her flesh
 Didst our mortality assume.

This ever-blest recurring day
 Its witness bears, that all alone,
 From thy own Father's bosom forth,
 To save the world Thou camest down.

O Day ! to which the seas and sky,
 And earth and Heav'n, glad welcome sing ;
 O Day ! which heal'd our misery,
 And brought on earth salvation's King.

We too, O Lord, who have been cleans'd
 In thy own fount of blood divine,
 Offer the tribute of sweet song,
 On this blest natal day of thine.

O Jesu ! born of Virgin bright,
 Immortal glory be to Thee ;
 Praise to the Father infinite,
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

Adeste fideles.

1. OH, come ! all ye faithful !
 Triumphantly sing !
 Come, see in the Manger
 The Angels' dread King !
 To Bethlehem hasten !
 With joyful accord ;
 Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !
 To worship the Lord.
2. True Son of the Father !
 He comes from the skies ;
 The womb of the Virgin
 He doth not despise ;
 To Bethlehem hasten, &c. *as above.*

3. Hark! to the Angels!
 All singing in Heaven,
 "To God in the highest
 All glory be given."
 To Bethlehem hasten, &c.
4. To Thee, then, O Jesu!
 This day of thy birth
 Be glory and honour
 Through Heaven and earth;
 True Godhead Incarnate!
 Omnipotent Word!
 ♣ Oh, hasten! oh, hasten!
 To worship the Lord.

1.
 ADESTE, fideles,
 Læti triumphantes;
 Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
 Natum videte
 Regem angelorum:
 Venite adoremus,
 Venite adoremus,
 Venite adoremus Dominum.

2.
 Deum de Deo,
 Lumen de Lumine,
 Gestant puellæ viscera:
 Deum verum,
 Genitum, non factum:
 Venite adoremus, &c.

3.
 Cantet nunc Io
 Chorus Angelorum;
 Cantet nunc aula cœ-
 lestium,
 Gloria in excelsis Deo:
 Venite adoremus, &c.

4.
 Ergo qui natus
 Die hodierna,
 Jesu, tibi sit gloria:
 Patris æterni
 Verbum caro factum:
 Venite adoremus, &c.

(For singing.)

1. YE faithful, approach ye,
 Joyfully triumphing;
 Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold ye
 Born the King of angels:
 Oh, come, let us worship,
 Oh, come, let us worship,
 Oh, come, let us worship Christ the Lord.

2. True God of God,
 True Light of Light,
 Lo, He disdains not the Virgin's womb ;
 Very God,
 Begotten, not created :
 Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

3. Sing Halleluiah,
 Let the courts of Heaven
 Ring with the Angel-chorus,—
 Praise the Lord,
 Glory to God in the highest :
 Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning ;
 Jesu, to Thee be glory giv'n :
 Word of the Father
 In our flesh appearing :
 Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

 HOLY INNOCENTS.

Salvete flores martyrum.

LOVELY flowers of martyrs, hail !
 Smitten by the tyrant foe
 On life's threshold,—as the gale
 Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to die for Christ, sweet lambs !
 At the very altar ye,
 With your fatal crowns and palms,
 Sport in your simplicity.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
 With the Father, and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN.

Quæ dixit, egit, pertulit.

THE life which God's Incarnate Word
 Liv'd here below with men,
 Three blest Evangelists record,
 With Heav'n-inspired pen :

John penetrates on eagle wing
 The Father's dread abode ;
 And shews the mystery wherein
 The Word subsists with God.

Pure Saint ! upon his Saviour's breast
 Invited to recline,
 'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
 His knowledge all divine :

There too, with that angelic love
 Did he his bosom fill,
 Which, once enkindled from above,
 Breathes in his pages still.

Oh, dear to Christ !—to thee upon
 His Cross, of all bereft,
 Thou virgin soul ! the Virgin Son
 His Virgin Mother left.

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
 Praise with the Father be ;
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
 Through all eternity.

EPIPHANY.

O sola magnarum urbium.

BETHLEHEM ! of noblest cities
 None can once with thee compare ;
 Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
 Didst for us Incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
 Was the star that told his birth ;
 To the lands their God announcing,
 Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
 See, the Eastern kings appear ;
 See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
 Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning !—
 Incense doth the God disclose ;
 Gold a royal child proclaimeth ;
 Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.

Holy Jesu ! in thy brightness
 To the Gentile world display'd !
 With the Father, and the Spirit,
 Endless praise to Thee be paid.

FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

JESU ! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind !

O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art
 How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can shew ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his lov'd ones know.

Jesu ! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;
 Jesu ! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

[Jesu Rex admirabilis.]

O JESU ! King most wonderful !
 Thou Conqueror renown'd !
 Thou Sweetness most ineffable !
 In whom all joys are found !

When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine ;
 Then earthly vanities depart ;
 Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu ! Light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire :

May every heart confess thy name
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
 Thee may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of thine own.

[Jesu decus angelicum.]

O JESU ! Thou the beauty art
 Of angel worlds above ;
 Thy Name is music to the heart,
 Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloy'd !
 Who eat Thee hunger still ;
 Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
 Which nought but Thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs
 Which unto Thee I send ;
 To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
 My being's hope and end !

Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss ;
 Scatter the darkness of our night,
 And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu ! spotless Virgin flower !
 Our love and joy ! to Thee
 Be praise, beatitude, and power,
 Through all eternity.

FRIDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

PRAYER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ON MOUNT
 OLIVET.

Aspice ut Verbum Patris a supernis.

SEE from on high, array'd in truth and grace,
 The Father's Word descend !
 Burning to heal the wounds of Adam's race,
 And our long evils end !

Pitying the miseries which with the Fall
 In Paradise began,
 Prostrate upon the earth, the Lord of all
 Entreats for ruin'd man.

Oh, bitter then was our Redeemer's lot,
 While whelm'd in griefs unknown :
 " Father," He cries, " remove this cup ; yet not
 My will, but thine be done."

While, a dread anguish pressing down his heart,
 He faints upon the ground ;
 And from each bursting pore the blood-drops
 start,
 Moistening the earth around.

But quickly, from high Heav'n, an angel came,
 To soothe the Saviour's woes ;
 And, strength returning to his languid frame,
 Up from the earth He rose.

Praise to the Father ; praise, O Son ! to Thee,
 To whom a name is given
 Above all names ; praise to the Spirit be,
 From all in earth and Heaven.

FRIDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Sævo dolorum turbine.

O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,
 Upon the Tree of scorn
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! down his face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred Blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry
His Spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierc'd his Mother's heart,
And whelm'd her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heav'ns grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth! and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears. •

Come! fall before His Cross,
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesu! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest!
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

FRIDAY AFTER QUINQUAGESIMA.

THE MOST HOLY CROWN OF THORNS.

Exite Sion filiæ.

DAUGHTERS of Sion ! royal maids !
 Come forth to see the crown,
 Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
 Hath woven for her Son.

See ! how amid his gory locks
 The jagged thorns appear ;
 See ! how his pallid countenance
 Foretells that death is near.

Oh, savage was the earth that bore
 Those thorns so sharp and long !
 Savage the hand that gathered them
 To work this deadly wrong !

But now that Christ's immortal Blood
 Hath ting'd them with its dye,
 Fairer than roses they appear,
 Or palms of victory.

Jesu ! the thorns which pierc'd thy brow
 Sprang from the seed of sin ;
 Pluck ours, we pray Thee, from our hearts,
 And plant thine own therein.

Praise, honour, to the Father be,
 Praise to his only Son ;
 Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
 While endless ages run.

SUNDAYS AND WEEK-DAYS IN LENT.

Audi benigne Conditor.

THOU loving Maker of mankind,
 Before thy throne we pray and weep ;
 Oh, strengthen us with grace divine,
 Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

Searcher of hearts ! Thou dost our ills
 Discern, and all our weakness know ;
 Again to Thee with tears we turn ;
 Again to us thy mercy shew.

Much have we sinn'd ; but we confess
 Our guilt, and all our faults deplore :
 Oh, for the praise of thy great Name,
 Our fainting souls to health restore !

And grant us, while by fasts we strive
 This mortal body to control,
 To fast from all the food of sin,
 And so to purify the soul.

Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest !
 Sole Unity ! to Thee we cry :
 Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
 To reap immortal fruit on high.

FRIDAY AFTER THE FIRST SUNDAY IN
LENT.

THE SPEAR AND NAILS.

Tinctam ergo Christi sanguine.

OH, turn those blessed points, all bath'd
 In Jesu's blood, on me ;
 Mine were the sins that wrought his death,
 Mine be the penalty.

30 FRIDAY AFTER SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart;
So may some drop distil
Of Blood divine, into my soul,
And all its evils heal.

So shall my feet be slow to sin,
Harmless my hands shall be ;
So from my wounded heart shall each
Forbidden passion flee.

Thee, Jesu, pierc'd with Nails and Spear,
Let every knee adore ;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

FRIDAY AFTER THE SECOND SUNDAY IN
LENT.

THE MOST HOLY WINDING SHEET.

Mysterium mirabile.

THIS day the wondrous mystery
Is set before our eyes,
Of Jesus stretch'd upon the Cross
In dying agonies.

Oh, deed of love ! the Prince becomes
A Victim for his slave ;
The sinner an acquittal finds,
The innocent a grave.

Whereof, in many a gory stain,
The traces still are found
On yonder Winding Sheet, which wrapp'd
The sacred body round.

Hail, trophies of our valiant Chief !
Hail, proofs of triumph won
Over the World, and Hell, and Death,
By God's eternal Son !

Be these the colours under which
From this time forth we fight,
Against the depths of Satan's guile,
And all the powers of night.

So, dead to our old life, may we
A better life begin ;
And through the Cross of Christ at length
His Heavenly Crown attain.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
Hear us, coequal Son !
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run.

FRIDAY AFTER THE THIRD SUNDAY IN
LENT.

THE MOST HOLY FIVE WOUNDS.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory ;
Tell his triumph far and wide ;
Tell aloud the famous story
Of his Body crucified ;
How upon the Cross a Victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

Lo, with gall his thirst He quenches !
See the thorns upon his brow !
Nails his tender flesh are rending !
See, his side is open'd now !
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

Blessing, honour everlasting,
 To the immortal Deity ;
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Equal praises ever be :
 Glory through the earth and Heaven
 To Trinity in Unity.

FRIDAY AFTER THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN
 LENT.

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Salvete Christi vulnera.

HAIL, wounds ! which through eternal years
 The love of Jesus shew ;
 Hail, wounds ! from whence encrimson'd rills
 Of blood for ever flow.

More precious than the gems of Ind,
 Than all the stars more fair ;
 Nor honeycomb, nor fragrant rose,
 Can once with you compare.

Through you is open'd to our souls
 A refuge safe and calm,
 Whither no raging enemy
 Can reach to work us harm.

What countless stripes did Christ receive
 Naked in Pilate's hall !
 From his torn flesh what streams of blood
 Did all around Him fall !

How doth th' ensanguin'd thorny crown
 That beauteous brow transpierce !
 How do the nails those hands and feet
 Contract with tortures fierce !

He bows his head, and forth at last
 His loving spirit soars ;
 Yet even after death his heart
 For us its tribute pours.

Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
 His Blood for us He drains ;
 Till for Himself, O wondrous love !
 No single drop remains.

Oh, come all ye in whom are fix'd
 The deadly stains of sin !
 Come ! wash in this all-saving Blood,
 And ye shall be made clean.

Praise Him, who with the Father sits
 Enthron'd upon the skies ;
 Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,
 Whose Spirit sanctifies.

*Viva, viva Gesù.**

HAIL, Jesus, hail ! who for my sake
 Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
 And shed it all for me ;
 Oh, blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
 My life, my light, my only good,
 To al leternity.

To endless ages let us praise
 The precious Blood whose price could raise
 The world from wrath and sin ;
 Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
 And heal the sinner's worst disease,
 If he but bathe therein.

* From the "Raccolta delle Indulgenze," &c.

O sweetest Blood ! that can implore
 Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
 The heaven that sin had lost ;
 While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
 What Jesus shed still intercedes
 For those who wrong Him most.

Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
 Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
 Earth's best and highest bliss :
 The ministers of wrath divine
 Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
 With those red drops of His !

Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
 And hell's despairing courage faints
 When this sweet song we raise ;
 Oh, louder then, and louder still,
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 The precious blood to praise !

PASSION-SUNDAY.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

FORTH comes the Standard of the King :
 All hail, thou Mystery ador'd !
 Hail, Cross ! on which the Life Himself
 Died, and by death our life restor'd.

On which our Saviour's holy side,
 Rent open with a cruel spear,
 Of blood and water pour'd a stream,
 To wash us from defilement clear.

O sacred Wood ! in thee fulfill'd
 Was holy David's truthful lay ;
 Which told the world, that from a Tree
 The Lord should all the nations sway.

Most royally empurpled o'er,
 How beauteously thy stem doth shine!
 How glorious was its lot to touch
 Those limbs so holy and divine!

Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretch'd
 The Saviour of the world reclin'd;
 Balance sublime! upon whose beam
 Was weigh'd the ransom of mankind.

Hail, Cross! thou only hope of man,
 Hail on this holy Passion-day!
 To saints increase the grace they have;
 From sinners purge their guilt away.

Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,
 Be praise to Thee through earth and skies:
 Thou through the Cross the victory
 Dost give; oh, also give the prize!

 FRIDAY AFTER PASSION-SUNDAY.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

1. At the Cross her station keeping,
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
 Close to Jesus to the last:
 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
 All his bitter anguish bearing,
 Now at length the sword had pass'd.
2. Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
 Was that Mother highly blest
 Of the sole-begotten One!
 Christ above in torment hangs;
 She beneath beholds the pangs
 Of her dying glorious Son.

3. Is there one who would not weep,
 Whelm'd in miseries so deep
 Christ's dear Mother to behold?
 Can the human heart refrain
 From partaking in her pain,
 In that Mother's pain untold?
4. Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,
 She beheld her tender Child
 All with bloody scourges rent;
 For the sins of his own nation,
 Saw Him hang in desolation,
 Till his Spirit forth He sent.
5. O thou Mother! fount of love!
 Touch my spirit from above,
 Make my heart with thine accord:
 Make me feel as thou hast felt;
 Make my soul to glow and melt
 With the love of Christ my Lord.
- [Sancta Mater, istud agas.]
6. HOLY Mother! pierce me through;
 In my heart each wound renew
 Of my Saviour crucified:
 Let me share with thee his pain,
 Who for all my sins was slain,
 Who for me in torments died.
7. Let me mingle tears with thee,
 Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,
 All the days that I may live:
 By the Cross with thee to stay;
 There with thee to weep and pray;
 Is all I ask of thee to give.
- [Virgo virginum præclara.]
8. VIRGIN of all virgins best!
 Listen to my fond request:
 Let me share thy grief divine;

Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

9. Wounded with his every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd
In his very blood away ;
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In his awful Judgment day.

10. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be thy Mother my defence,
Be thy Cross my victory ;
While my body here decays,
May my soul thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

1.
STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendeat Filius ;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

2.
O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti !
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

3. [fleret,
Quis est homo, qui non
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio ? [tari,
Quis non posset contris-
Christi Matrem contem-
plari,
Dolentem cum Filio ?

4.
Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

5.
Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,
Fac ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum De-
um,
Ut sibi complaceam.

6.
Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

7.
Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare,
In planctu desidero.

8.
Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi
mortem,

Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolare.

9.
Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii :

Flammis ne urar succen-
sus,
Per te Virgo sim defensus,
In die judicii.

10.
Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire,
Ad palmam victoriæ.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

PALM-SUNDAY.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

GLORY and praise to Thee, Redeemer blest !
To whom their glad hosannas children pour'd ;
Hail, Israel's King ! hail, David's Son confess'd !
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord.

Thy praise in Heav'n the Host angelic sings ;
On earth mankind, with all created things.

[“ Glory and praise,” &c. as above, is re-
peated.]

Thee once with palms the Jews went forth to
meet ;

Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we greet.

[Glory and praise, &c.]

Thee, on thy way to die, they crown'd with
praise ;

To Thee, now King on high, our song we raise.

[Glory and praise, &c.]

Thee their poor homage pleas'd, O gracious
King !

Ours too accept,—the best that we can bring.

[Glory and praise, &c.]

GOOD-FRIDAY.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

MY God, I love Thee, not because
 I hope for Heav'n thereby ;
 Nor because they, who love Thee not,
 Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon the Cross embrace ;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace ;

And griefs and torments numberless ;
 And sweat of agony ;
 E'en death itself—and all for one
 Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ !
 Should I not love Thee well ;
 Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
 Or of escaping Hell :

Not with the hope of gaining ought ;
 Not seeking a reward ;
 But, as Thyself hast loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord ?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
 And in thy praise will sing ;
 Solely because Thou art my God,
 And my eternal King.

Aspice infami Deus ipse ligno.

SEE ! where in shame the God of glory hangs,
 All bath'd in his own blood :
 See ! how the nails pierce with a thousand pangs
 Those hands so good.

Th' All Holy, as a minister of ill,
 Betwixt two thieves they place ;
 Oh, deed unjust ! yet such the cruel will
 Of Israel's race.

Pale grows his face, and fix'd his languid eye ;
 His wearied head He bends ;
 And rich in merits, forth with one loud cry
 His Spirit sends.

O heart more hard than iron ! not to weep
 At this ; thy sin it was
 That wrought his death ; of all these torments
 deep
 Thou art the cause.

Praise, honour, glory, be through endless time
 To th' everlasting God ;
 Who wip'd away our deadly stains of crime
 In his own Blood.

EASTER-SUNDAY.

Aurora cœlum purpurat.

THE dawn was purpling o'er the sky ;
 With alleluias rang the air ;
 Earth held a glorious jubilee ;
 Hell gnash'd its teeth in fierce despair :

When our most valiant mighty King
 From death's abyss, in dread array,
 Led the long-prison'd Fathers forth,
 Into the beam of life and day :

When He, whom stone, and seal, and guard,
 Had safely to the tomb consign'd,
 Triumphant rose, and buried Death
 Deep in the grave He left behind.

“ Calm all your grief, and still your tears ;”
 Hark ! the descending angel cries ;
 “ For Christ is risen from the dead,
 And Death is slain, no more to rise.”

O Jesu ! from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all the souls new born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son
 Who rose from death, be glory given ;
 With Thee, O holy Comforter !
 Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

Ad regias agni dapes.

Now at the Lamb's high festival
 In robes of saintly white we sing,
 Through the Red Sea in safety brought
 By Jesus our immortal King.

O Charity divine ! his Blood
 He gives, to crown the royal feast ;
 His Flesh for us He immolates,
 Himself the Victim, Love the Priest.

And as the avenging Angel pass'd
 Of old the blood-besprinkled door ;
 As the cleft sea a passage gave,
 Then clos'd to whelm th' Egyptians o'er :

So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,
 Has brought us safe all perils through ;
 While for unleaven'd bread we need
 But heart sincere and purpose true.

Hail, purest Victim Heav'n could find,
 The powers of Hell to overthrow !
 Who didst the chains of Death destroy ;
 Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

Hail, victor Christ ! hail, risen King !
 To Thee alone belongs the crown ;
 Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,
 And dragg'd the Prince of darkness down.

O Jesu ! from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting paschal joy
 Of all the souls new born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son
 Who rose from death, be glory given ;
 With Thee, O holy Comforter,
 Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

O filii et filiae.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord !
 The King of glory, King ador'd,
 This day Himself from death restor'd.

All in the early morning grey
 Went holy women on their way,
 To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Of spices pure a precious store
 In their pure hands those women bore,
 To anoint the sacred Body o'er.

Then straightway one in white they see,
 Who saith, " Ye seek the Lord ; but He
 Is ris'n, and gone to Galilee."

This told they Peter, told they John ;
 Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,
 But Peter is by John outrun.

That self-same night, while out of fear
 The doors were shut, the Lord most dear
 To his Apostles did appear.

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
 Was doubtful of his brethren's word ;
 Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

“ Thomas, behold my side,” saith He ;
 “ My hands, my feet, my body see,
 And doubt not, but believe in Me.”

When Thomas saw that wounded side,
 The truth no longer he denied ;
 “ Thou art my Lord and God !” he cried.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen
 Their Lord, and yet believe in Him !
 Eternal life awaiteth them.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,
 And strive his name to magnify
 On this great day, through earth and sky :

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er ;
 Whom men and Angel Hosts adore ;
 To Him be glory evermore.

 ASCENSION-DAY.

Æterne Rex altissime.

O THOU eternal King most high !
 Who didst the world redeem ;
 And conquering Death and Hell, receive
 A dignity supreme.

Thou, through the starry orbs, this day,
Didst to thy throne ascend ;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.

There, seated in thy majesty,
To Thee submissive bow
The Heav'n of Heav'ns, the spacious earth,
The depths of Hell below.

With trembling there the angels see
The chang'd estate of men ;
The flesh which sinn'd by Flesh redeem'd ;
Man in the Godhead reign.

There, waiting for thy faithful souls,
Be Thou to us, O Lord !
Our peerless joy while here we stay,
In Heav'n our great reward.

Renew our strength ; our sins forgive ;
Our miseries efface ;
And lift our souls aloft to Thee,
By thy celestial grace.

So, when Thou shinest on the clouds,
With thy angelic train,
May we be sav'd from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.

Glory to Jesus, who returns
Triumphantly to Heaven ;
Praise to the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost, be given.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

Jam Christus astra ascenderit.

ABOVE the starry spheres,
 To where He was before,
 Christ had gone up, soon from on high
 The Father's gift to pour :

And now had fully come,
 On mystic cycle borne
 Of sev'n times sev'n revolving days,
 The Pentecostal morn :

When, as the Apostles knelt
 At the third hour in prayer,
 A sudden rushing sound proclaim'd
 The God of glory near.

Forthwith a tongue of fire
 Alights on every brow ;—
 Each breast receives the Father's light,
 The Word's enkindling glow.

The Holy Ghost on all
 Is mightily outpour'd ;
 Who straight in divers tongues declare
 The wonders of the Lord.

While strangers of all climes
 Flock round from far and near,
 And with amazement, each at once
 Their native accents hear.

But Judah, faithless still,
 Denies the hand divine ;
 And madly jeers the Saints of Christ,
 As drunk with new-made wine.

Till Peter in the midst
 Stood up, and spake aloud ;
 And their perfidious falsity
 By Joel's witness shew'd.

Praise to the Father be !
 Praise to the Son who rose !
 Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,
 While age on ages flows !

Veni Creator Spiritus.

1. COME, O Creator Spirit blest !
 And in our souls take up thy rest ;
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
2. Great Paraclete ! to Thee we cry :
 O highest gift of God most high !
 O fount of life ! O fire of love !
 And sweet Anointing from above !
3. Thou in thy sevenfold gifts art known ;
 Thee Finger of God's hand we own ;
 The promise of the Father Thou !
 Who dost the tongue with pow'r endow.
4. Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.
5. Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us thy true peace instead ;
 So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.

6. Oh, may thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee through endless times confess'd
Of Both th' eternal Spirit blest.
7. All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death ; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

1.
VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quæ tu creasti, pectora.

2.
Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

3.
Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4.
Accende lumen sensibus :
Infunde amorem cordi-
bus :

Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

5.
Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus:
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6.
Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

7.
Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito
In sæculorum sæcula.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

HOLY Spirit ! Lord of light !
From thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give :
Come, Thou Father of the poor !
Come, with treasures which endure !
Come, Thou Light of all that live !
Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow ;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;
 Pleasant coolness in the heat ;
 Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal ! light divine !
 Visit Thou these hearts of thine,
 And our inmost being fill :

If Thou take thy grace away,
 Nothing pure in man will stay ;
 All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds—our strength renew ;
 On our dryness pour thy dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away :

Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
 Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
 Thee confess and Thee adore,
 In thy sevenfold gifts, descend :

Give them comfort when they die ;
 Give them life with Thee on high ;
 Give them joys which never end.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

MORNING.

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

O THOU eternal Source of love !
 Ruler of nature's scheme !
 In Substance One, in Persons Three !
 Omniscient and Supreme !

Be nigh to us when we arise ;
 And, at the break of day,
 With wakening body wake the soul,
 Her meed of praise to pay.

To God the Father glory be,
 And to his only Son ;
 The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
 While ceaseless ages run.

 EVENING.

Jam sol recedit igneus.

Now doth the fiery sun decline :—
 Thou, Unity eternal ! shine ;
 Thou, Trinity, thy blessings pour,
 And make our hearts with love run o'er.

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise ;
 To Thee our voice at eve we raise ;
 Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,
 Thee through all time to glorify.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
 As ever was in ages past,
 And shall be so while ages last.

 CORPUS CHRISTI.

Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia.

LET us with hearts renew'd,
 Our grateful homage pay ;
 And welcome with triumphant songs
 This ever-blessed day.

Upon this hallow'd night
 Christ with his brethren ate,
 Obedient to the olden law,
 The Pasch before Him set.

Which done,—Himself entire,
 The true Incarnate God,
 Alike on each, alike on all,
 His sacred hands bestow'd.

He gave his Flesh ; He gave
 His precious Blood ; and said,
 " Receive, and drink ye all of this,
 For your salvation shed."

Thus did the Lord appoint
 This Sacrifice sublime,
 And made his Priests its ministers
 Through all the bounds of time.

Farewell to types ! Henceforth
 We feed on Angels' food :
 The guilty slave—oh, wonder !—eats
 The Body of his God !

O Blessed Three in One !
 Visit our hearts, we pray ;
 And lead us on through thine own paths
 To thy eternal Day.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

1. **STON**, lift thy voice, and sing ;
 Praise thy Saviour and thy King ;
 Praise with hymns thy Shepherd true :
 Strive thy best to praise Him well ;
 Yet doth He all praise excel ;
 None can ever reach His due.

2. See to-day before us laid
The living and life-giving Bread !
Theme for praise and joy profound !
The same which at the sacred board
Was, by our Incarnate Lord,
Giv'n to his Apostles round.
3. Let the praise be loud and high ;
Sweet and tranquil be the joy
Felt to-day in every breast ;
On this Festival divine,
Which records the origin
Of the glorious Eucharist.
4. On this Table of the King,
Our new Paschal offering
Brings to end the olden rite ;
Here, for empty shadows fled,
Is Reality instead ;
Here, instead of darkness, Light.
5. His own act, at supper seated,
Christ ordain'd to be repeated,
In his Memory divine ;
Wherefore now, with adoration,
We the Host of our salvation
Consecrate from bread and wine.
6. Hear what holy Church maintaineth,
That the bread its substance changeth
Into Flesh, the wine to Blood.
Doth it pass thy comprehending ?
Faith, the law of sight transcending,
Leaps to things not understood.
7. Here, beneath these signs, are hidden
Priceless things, to sense forbidden ;
Signs, not things, are all we see ;

Flesh from bread, and Blood from wine ;
Yet is Christ, in either sign,
All entire, confess'd to be.

8. They too, who of Him partake,
Sever not, nor rend, nor break,
But entire their Lord receive.
Whether one or thousands eat,
All receive the self-same meat,
Nor the less for others leave.
9. Both the wicked and the good
Eat of this celestial Food ;
But with ends how opposite !
Here 'tis life ; and there 'tis death ;
The same, yet issuing to each
In a difference infinite.
10. Nor a single doubt retain,
When they break the Host in twain,
But that in each part remains
What was in the whole before ;
Since the simple sign alone
Suffers change in state or form,
The Signified remaining One
And the Same for evermore.

[*Ecce panis angelorum.*]

11. Lo ! upon the Altar lies,
Hidden deep from human eyes,
Bread of Angels from the skies,
Made the food of mortal man :
Children's meat to dogs denied ;
In old types foresignified ;
In the manna Heav'n-supplied,
Isaac, and the Paschal Lamb.

12. Jesu ! Shepherd of the sheep !
 Thou thy flock in safety keep.
 Living Bread ! thy life supply ;
 Strengthen us, or else we die ;
 Fill us with celestial grace :
 Thou, who feedest us below !
 Source of all we have or know !
 Grant that with thy Saints above,
 Sitting at the feast of love,
 We may see Thee face to face.

1.
 LAUDA, Sion, Salvatorem,
 Lauda Ducem et Pastorem,
 In hymnis et canticis.
 Quantum potes, tantum
 aude ;
 Quia major omni laude,
 Nec laudare sufficis.

2.
 Laudis thema specialis,
 Panis vivus et vitalis,
 Hodie proponitur.
 Quem in sacræ mensa
 cœnæ,
 Turbæ fratrum duodenæ
 Datum non ambigitur.

3.
 Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
 Sit jucunda, sit decora,
 Mentis jubilatio.
 Dies enim solemnis agitur,
 In qua mensæ prima reco-
 litur
 Hujus institutio.

4.
 In hac mensa novi Regis,
 Novum pascha novæ legis,
 Phase vetus terminat.
 Vetustatem novitas,
 Umbram fugat veritas,
 Noctem lux eliminat.

5.
 Quod in cœna Christus
 gessit,
 Faciendum hoc expressit
 In sui memoriam.
 Docti sacris institutis,
 Panem, vinum, in salutis
 Consecramus hostiam.

6.
 Dogma datur Christianis,
 Quod in carnem transit
 panis,
 Et vinum in sanguinem.
 Quod non capis, quod non
 vides,
 Animosa firmat fides,
 Præter rerum ordinem.

7.
 Sub diversis speciebus
 Signis tantum et non re-
 bus,
 Latent res eximiæ.
 Caro cibus, sanguis potus :
 Manet tamen Christus
 totus
 Sub utraque specie.

8.
 A sumente non concisus,
 Non confractus, non di-
 visus,
 Integer accipitur.
 Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
 Quantum isti, tantum ille,
 Nec sumptus consumitur.

<p>9. Sumunt boni, sumunt mali: Sorte tamen inæquali, Vitæ vel interitus. Mors est malis, vita bonis, Vide paris sumptionis, Quam sit dispar exitus.</p>	<p>11. Ecce panis angelorum, Factus cibus viatorum: Vere panis filiorum, Non mittendus canibus. In figuris præsignatur, Cum Isaac immolatur: Agnus paschæ deputatur: Datur manna patribus.</p>
<p>10. Fracto demum sacramen- to, Ne vacilles, sed memento, Tantum esse sub frag- mento, Quantum toto tegitur. Nulla rei fit scissura: Signi tantum fit fractura: Qua, nec status nec sta- tura ignati minuitur.</p>	<p>12. Bone Pastor, panis vere, Jesu nostri miserere: Tu nos pasce, nos tuere: Tu nos bona fac videre In terra viventium. Tu qui cuncta scis et vales, Qui nos pascis hic mor- tales: Tuos ibi commensales, Cohæredes et sodales Fac sanctorum civium.</p>

FEAST OF THE MOST SACRED HEART OF
JESUS.

Summi Parentis filio.

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,—
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in his Heart for us
The wound of love He bore;—
That love, which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu! Victim blest!
What else but love divine,
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred Heart of thine?

O Fount of endless life !
 O Spring of waters clear !
 O Flame celestial, cleansing all
 Who unto Thee draw near !

Hide me in thy dear Heart,
 For thither do I fly ;
 There seek thy grace through life, in death
 Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be ;
 Praise to his only Son ;
 Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
 While endless ages run.

Quicumque certum queritis.

ALL ye who seek a certain cure
 In trouble and distress,
 Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
 Or guilt the soul oppress :

Jesus, who gave Himself for you
 Upon the Cross to die,
 Opens to you his sacred Heart,—
 Oh, to that Heart draw nigh !

Ye hear how kindly He invites ;
 Ye hear his words so blest ;—
 “ All ye that labour, come to Me,
 And I will give you rest.”

What meeker than the Saviour's Heart ?—
 As on the Cross He lay,
 It did his murderers forgive,
 And for their pardon pray.

O Heart! thou joy of Saints on high!
 Thou Hope of sinners here!
 Attracted by those loving words,
 To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
 Which forth from Thee doth flow;
 New grace, new hope inspire; a new
 And better heart bestow.

FEAST OF ST. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE
 BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

July 26.

Claræ diei gaudiis.

SPOTLESS Anna! Juda's glory!
 Through the Church from East to West,
 Every tongue proclaims thy praises,
 Holy Mary's Mother blest!

Saintly Kings and priestly Sires
 Blended in thy sacred line;
 Thou in virtue, all before thee
 Didst excel by grace divine.

Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,
 Thine it was for us to bear,
 By the favour of High Heaven,
 Our eternal Virgin Star.

From thy stem in beauty budded
 Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;
 Earth from thee receiv'd the Mother
 Of th' Almighty Son of God.

All the human race benighted
 In the depths of darkness lay;
 When in Anne, it saw the dawning
 Of the long-expected day.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH.

March 19.

Cœlitum Joseph decus atque nostræ.

JOSEPH! our certain hope of life!
 Glory of earth and Heaven!
 Thou Pillar of the world! to thee
 Be praise eternal given.

Thee, as Salvation's minister,
 The mighty Maker chose;
 As Foster-father of the Word;
 As Mary's spotless Spouse.

With joy thou sawest Him new born,
 Of whom the Prophets sang;
 Him in a manger didst adore,
 From whom Creation sprang.

The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Ruler of sky and sea,
 Whom Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell obey,
 Was subject unto thee.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe to us,
 Through Joseph's merits high,
 To mount the Heav'nly seats, and reign
 With him eternally.

Quicumque sanus vivere.

To all, who would holily live,
 To all, who would happily die,
 St. Joseph is ready to give
 Sure guidance, and help from on high.

Of Mary the Spouse undefil'd,
 Just, holy, and pure of all stain,
 He asks of his own Foster Child ;
 And needs but to ask to obtain.

[Here the first stanza is repeated.]

To all, who would holily live,
 To all, who would happily die,
 St. Joseph is ready to give
 Sure guidance, and help from on high.

In the manger that Child he ador'd,
 And nurs'd Him in exile and flight ;
 Him, lost in his boyhood, deplor'd ;
 And found with amaze and delight.

To all, &c. *as above.*

The Maker of Heaven and Earth
 By the labour of Joseph was fed ;
 The Son by an infinite birth
 Submissive to Joseph was made.

To all, &c.

And when his last hour drew nigh,
 Oh, full of all joy was his breast ;
 Seeing Jesus and Mary close by,
 As he tranquilly slumber'd to rest.

To all, &c.

All praise to the Father above ;
 All praise to his glorious Son ;
 All praise to the Spirit of love ;
 While the days of eternity run.

To all, &c.

FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL.

May 8.

Te splendor et virtus Patris.

O JESU ! life-spring of the soul !
 The Father's Pow'r, and Glory bright !
 Thee with the Angels we extol ;
 From Thee they draw their life and light.

Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread,
 Embattled o'er the azure sky ;
 But Michael bears thy standard dread,
 And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

He in that Sign the rebel powers
 Did with their Dragon Prince expel ;
 And hurl'd them from the Heaven's high towers,
 Down like a thunderbolt to hell.

Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
 Against the Prince of Pride to fight ;
 So may a crown be our reward,
 Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

Now to the Father, and the Son
 Who rose from death, all glory be ;
 With Thee, O holy Comforter,
 Henceforth through all eternity.

[Within the Octave of the Ascension.]

Glory to Jesus, who returns
 In pomp triumphant to the sky,
 With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
 O Holy Ghost, eternally.

**FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY GUARDIAN
ANGELS.**

October 2.

Æterne Rector siderum.

**RULER of the dread immense !
Maker of this mighty frame !
Whose eternal Providence
Governs and upholds the same !**

**Low before thy face we bend ;
Hear our supplicating cries ;
And thy light eternal send,
With the freshly dawning skies.**

**King of kings ! and Lord most high !
This of thy dear love we pray,—
May thy Guardian Angel nigh
Keep us from all sin this day.**

**May he crush the deadly wiles
Of the envious Serpent's art,
Ever spreading cunning toils
Round about the thoughtless heart.**

**May he scatter ruthless war,
Ere to this our shore it come ;
Plague and famine drive afar ;
Fix securely peace at home.**

**Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Everlasting Trinity !
Guard, by thy Angelic host,
Us, who put our trust in Thee.**

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

November 1.

Salutis æternæ dator.

GIVER of life, eternal Lord !
 Thy own redeem'd defend ;
 Mother of Grace ! thy children save,
 And help them to the end.

Ye thousand thousand Angel Hosts !
 Assist us in our need ;
 Ye Patriarchs ! with the Prophet Choir !
 For our forgiveness plead.

Herald of Christ ! and Thou who still
 Dost Heaven's dread keys retain !
 Ye glorious Apostles all !
 Unloose our guilty chain.

Army of Martyrs ! holy Priests
 In beauteous array !
 Ye happy troops of Virgins chaste !
 Wash all our sins away.

All ye who high above the stars
 In heavenly glory reign !
 May we through your blest prayers, the gifts
 Of endless life obtain.

Praise, honour, to the Father be,
 Praise to his only Son ;
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
 While ceaseless ages run.

FEAST OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

August 6.

Quicumque Christum quæritis.

ALL ye who seek, in hope and love,
 For your dear Lord, look up above !
 Where, trac'd upon the azure sky,
 Faith may a glorious form descrie.

Lo ! on the trembling verge of light
 A something all divinely bright !
 Immortal, infinite, sublime !
 Older than chaos, space, or time !

Hail, Thou, the Gentiles' mighty Lord !
 All hail, O Israel's King ador'd !
 To Abraham sworn in ages past,
 And to his seed while earth shall last.

To Thee the prophets witness bear ;
 Of Thee the Father doth declare,
 That all who would his glory see,
 Must hear and must believe in Thee.

To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
 But evermore to babes reveal'd,
 All glory with the Father be,
 And Holy Ghost, eternally.

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

September 8.

Aurora quæ Solem parit.

SWEET Morn ! thou Parent of the Sun !
 And Daughter of the same !
 What joy and gladness, through thy birth,
 This day to mortals came !

Cloth'd in the Sun I see Thee stand,
 The Moon beneath thy feet,
 The Stars above thy sacred head
 A radiant coronet.

Thrones and Dominions gird Thee round,
 The Armies of the sky ;
 Pure streams of glory from Thee flow,
 All bath'd in Deity !

Terrific as the banner'd line
 Of battle's dread array !
 Before Thee tremble Hell and Death,
 And own thy mighty sway :

While crush'd beneath thy dauntless foot,
 The Serpent writhes in vain ;
 Smit by a deadly stroke, and bound
 In an eternal chain.

O Mightiest ! pray for us, that He
 Who came through Thee of yore,
 May come to dwell within our hearts,
 And never quit us more.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, through Whom
 The Word eternal was conceiv'd
 Within the Virgin's womb.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 MARY.

March 25.

Quis te canat mortalium ?

WHAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise,
 Dear Mother of the Lord ?—
 To Angels only it belongs
 Thy glory to record.

Who born of man can penetrate
 Thy soul's majestic shrine?
 Who can thy mighty gifts unfold,
 Or rightly them divine?

Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that
 Which from the Father's breast
 Drew forth his coeternal Son,
 To be thy bosom's guest?

'Twas not thy guileless faith alone,
 That lifted Thee so high;
 'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,
 Or peerless chastity:

But, oh! it was thy lowliness,
 Well pleasing to the Lord,
 That made Thee worthy to become
 The Mother of the Word.

Oh, Loftiest! whose humility
 So sweet it was to see!
 That God, forgetful of Himself,
 Abas'd Himself to Thee!

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, through Whom
 The Word eternal was conceiv'd
 Within the Virgin's womb.

MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Second Sunday in October.

Te Mater alma Numinis.

MOTHER of Almighty God!
 Suppliant at thy feet we pray;
 Shelter us from Satan's fraud,
 Safe beneath thy wing this day.

'Twas by reason of our Fall,
 In our first Forefather's crime,
 That the mighty Lord of all
 Rais'd thee to thy rank sublime.

Oh! then upon Adam's race
 Look thou with a pitying eye;
 And entreat of Jesus grace,
 Till He lay his anger by.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Third Sunday in October.

O stella Jacob fulgida.

STAR of Jacob, ever beaming
 With a radiance all divine!
 'Mid the stars of highest Heaven
 Glows no purer ray than thine.

All in stoles of snowy brightness,
 Unto thee the Angels sing;
 Unto thee the virgin choirs,—
 Mother of th' eternal King!

Joyful in thy path they scatter
 Roses white and lilies fair;
 Yet with thy chaste bosom's whiteness,
 Rose nor lily may compare.

Oh! that this low earth of ours,
 Answering th' angelic strain,
 With thy praises might re-echo,
 Till the Heav'ns replied again.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 MARY.

Third Sunday in September.

O quot undis lachrymarum.

WHAT a sea of tears and sorrow
 Did the soul of Mary toss
 To and fro upon its billows,
 While she wept her bitter loss ;
 In her arms her Jesus holding,
 Torn but newly from the Cross !

O that mournful Virgin Mother !
 See her tears how fast they flow
 Down upon his mangled body,
 Wounded side, and thorny brow ;
 While his hands and feet she kisses,—
 Picture of immortal woe !

Oft and oft his arms and bosom
 Fondly straining to her own ;
 Oft her pallid lips imprinting
 On each wound of her dear Son ;
 Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
 Sense and consciousness are gone.

Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
 By thy tears and trouble sore ;
 By the death of thy dear Offspring ;
 By the bloody wounds He bore ;
 Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
 Which afflicted thee of yore.

To the Father everlasting,
 And the Son, who reigns on high,
 With the coeternal Spirit,
 Trinity in Unity,
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,
 Now and through eternity.

ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

August 15.

O vos aetherei plaudite cives.

REJOICE, O ye Spirits and Angels on high !
 This day the pure Mother of Love
 By death was set free ; and ascending the sky,
 Was welcom'd by Jesus, with triumph and joy,
 To the Courts of his glory above !

O Virgin divine ! what treasures are thine !
 What power and splendour untold !
 With flesh thou hadst cloth'd the Lord of all
 might ;—
 He clothes Thee in turn with his infinite light,
 And a radiant vesture of gold.

He, who on thy breast found nurture and rest,
 Is now thy ineffable Food ; [ceal'd,
 And He, who from Thee in the flesh lay con-
 Now gives Thee, beholding his glory reveal'd,
 To drink from the fulness of God.

Through thy Virginal womb what graces have
 come !

What glories encompass thy throne !
 Where next to thy Son, thou sittest a Queen,
 Exalted on high, above Angels and men !
 Inferior to Godhead alone !

Then hear us, we pray, on this blessed day ;
 Remember we also are thine ;
 And deign for thy children with Jesus to plead,
 That He may forgive us, and grant us in need
 His strength and protection divine.

All praise to the Father, who chose for his Son
 A Mother, the daughter of Eve ;
 All praise to the glorious Child of her womb ;
 All praise to the infinite Spirit, by Whom
 Her glory it was to conceive.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY THE HELP OF
 CHRISTIANS.

May 24.

Te Redemptoris Dominique nostri.

MOTHER of our Lord and Saviour !
 First in beauty as in power !
 Glory of the Christian nations !
 Ready help in trouble's hour !

Though the gates of Hell against us
 With profoundest fury rage ;
 Though the ancient Foe assault us,
 And his fiercest battle wage ;

Nought can hurt the pure in spirit,
 Who upon thine aid rely ;
 At thy hand secure of gaining
 Strength and mercy from on high.

Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,—
 Though a thousand hosts combine,
 All must fall or flee before us,
 Scatter'd by an arm divine.

Firm as once on holy Sion,
 David's tower rear'd its height ;
 With a glorious rampart girded,
 And with glistening armour bright :

So th' Almighty's Virgin Mother
 Stands in strength for evermore ;
 From Satanic hosts defending
 All who her defence implore.

Through the everlasting ages,
 Blessed Trinity to Thee !
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Praise and endless glory be.

EVENING HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 MARY.

Ave maris Stella.

1. GENTLE Star of ocean !
 Portal of the sky !
 Ever Virgin Mother
 Of the Lord most High !
2. Oh ! by Gabriel's Ave,
 Utter'd long ago,
 Eva's name reversing,
 Stablish peace below.
3. Break the captive's fetters ;
 Light on blindness pour ;
 All our ills expelling,
 Every bliss implore.
4. Shew thyself a Mother ;
 Offer Him our sighs,
 Who for us Incarnate
 Did not thee despise.

70 HYMN FOR THE FEASTS OF APOSTLES.

5. Virgin of all Virgins !
 To thy shelter take us :
 Gentlest of the gentle !
 Chaste and gentle make us.
6. Still as on we journey,
 Help our weak endeavour ;
 Till with thee and Jesus
 We rejoice for ever.
7. Through the highest Heaven,
 To the Almighty Three,
 Father, Son, and Spirit,
 One same glory be.

1.
 AVE maris stella,
 Dei mater alma,
 Atque semper virgo,
 Felix cœli porta.

2.
 Sumens illud Ave
 Gabrielis ore,
 Funda nos in pace,
 Mutans Evæ nomen.

3.
 Solve vincla reis,
 Profer lumen cæcis,
 Mala nostra pelle,
 Bona cuncta posce.

4.
 Monstra te esse matrem,
 Sumat per te preces,

Qui pro nobis natus,
 Tulit esse tuus.

5.
 Virgo singularis,
 Inter omnes mitis,
 Nos culpis solutos,
 Mites fac et castos.

6.
 Vitam præsta puram,
 Iter para tutum,
 Ut videntes Jesum,
 Semper collætémur.

7.
 Sit laus Deo Patri,
 Summo Christo decus,
 Spiritui Sancto,
 Tribus honor unus.

HYMN FOR THE FEASTS OF APOSTLES.

Æterna Christi munera.

THE Lord's eternal gifts,
 Th' Apostles' mighty praise,
 Their victories, and high reward,
 Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the Churches they ;
 Triumphant Chiefs of war ;
 Brave Soldiers of the Heavenly Court ;
 True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saints' high Faith ;
 And quenchless Hope's pure glow ;
 And perfect Charity, which laid
 The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone ;
 In them the Son o'ercame ;
 In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
 And fill'd their hearts with flame.

To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be ;
 As was, and is, and shall be so,
 Through all eternity.

FOR THE FEASTS OF MARTYRS.

Deus tuorum militum.

O THOU, of all thy warriors Lord,
 Thyself the crown, and sure reward ;
 Set us from sinful fetters free,
 Who sing thy Martyr's victory.

In selfish pleasures' worldly round
 The taste of bitter gall he found ;
 But sweet to him was thy blest Name,
 And thus to heavenly joys he came.

Right manfully his cross he bore,
 And ran his race of torments sore :
 For Thee he pour'd his life away ;
 With Thee he lives in endless day.

We, then, before Thee bending low,
 Intreat Thee, Lord, thy love to shew
 On this the day thy Martyr died,
 Who in thy Saints art glorified !

Now to the Father, and the Son,
 Be glory while the ages run ;
 The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee !
 Through ages of eternity.

FOR THE FEASTS OF CONFESSORS.

Iste Confessor Domini, colentes.

1. THE Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
 Honour'd with solemn rite ;
 This day went up with joy, his labours o'er,
 To his blest seat in light.

[If it be not the day of his death, the following is
 substituted.]

This day receives that homage which is his,
 High in the realms of light.

2. Holy and innocent were all his ways ;
 Sweet, temperate, unstain'd ;
 His life was prayer,—his every breath was
 While breath to him remain'd. [praise,
3. Ofttimes his merits high in every land,
 In cures have been displayed ;
 And still does health return at his command
 To many a frame decay'd.

Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay,
 And yearly songs renew ;
 Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray,
 All the long ages through.

5. To God, of all the centre and the source,
 Be power and glory given;
 Who sways the mighty world through all its
 course,
 From the bright throne of Heaven.

1. ISTE Confessor Domini, colentes
 Quem pie laudant populi per orbem,
 Hac die lætus meruit beatas
 Scandere sedes.

[Si non est dies obitus, dicatur.]

Hac die lætus meruit supremos
 Laudis honores.

2. Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
 Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
 Donec humanos animavit auræ
 Spiritus artus.

3. Cujus ob præstans meritum frequenter,
 Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra,
 Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
 Restituuntur.

4. Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
 Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas;
 Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
 Omne per ævum.

5. Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
 Qui super cœli solio coruscans,
 Totius mundi seriem gubernat
 Trinus et unus.

FOR THE FEASTS OF VIRGINS.

Jesu corona Virginum.

THOU Crown of all the Virgin choir!
 That holy Mother's Virgin Son!
 Who is, alone of womankind,
 Mother and Virgin both in one!

Encircled by thy Virgin band,
 Amid the lilies Thou art found ;
 For thy pure brides with lavish hand
 Scattering immortal graces round.

And still, wherever thou dost bend
 Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
 Virgins upon thy steps attend,
 And hymns to thy high glory sing.

Keep us, O Purity divine,
 From every least corruption free ;
 Our every sense from sin refine,
 And purify our souls for Thee.

To God the Father, and the Son,
 All honour, glory, praise, be given ;
 With Thee, O holy Paraclete !
 Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.

O salutaris Hostia.

1. O SAVING Victim ! opening wide
 The gate of Heav'n to man below !
 Our foes press on from every side ;—
 Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.
2. To thy great Name be endless praise,
 Immortal Godhead, One in Three !
 Oh, grant us endless length of days,
 In our true native land, with Thee !

1.

O SALUTARIS Hostia !
 Quæ cœli pandis ostium :
 Bella premunt hostilia :
 Da robur, fer auxilium.

2.

Uni trinoque Domino,
 Sit sempiterna gloria :
 Qui vitam sine termino,
 Nobis donet in patria.

HYMNS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

1. SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of his Flesh the mystery sing ;
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal King,
Destin'd, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.
2. Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow ;
Then He clos'd in solemn order
Wondrously his life of woe.
3. On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with his chosen band,
He the paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the Law's command ;
Then, as Food to all his brethren
Gives Himself with his own hand.
4. Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By his word to Flesh He turns ;
Wine into his Blood He changes :—
What though sense no change discerns ?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

1.
PANGE lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

2.
Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

3.
In supremæ nocte cœnæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.

4.
Verbum caro, panem ve-
rum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi me-
Et, si sensus deficit, [rum :
Ad firmandum cor since-
Sola fides sufficit. [rum

[Tantum ergo sacramentum.]

5. **Down** in adoration falling,
 Lo! the sacred Host we hail!
 Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
 Newer rites of grace prevail;
 Faith, for all defects supplying,
 Where the feeble senses fail.
6. **To the Everlasting Father,**
 And the Son who reigns on high,
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding
 Forth from Each eternally,
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,
 Might, and endless majesty.

5.	6.
Tantum ergo Sacramen-	Genitori, Genitoque
Veneremur cernui: [tum	Laus et jubilatio,
Et antiquum documentum	Salus, honor, virtus quo-
Novo cedat ritui:	que,
Præstet fides supplemen-	Sit et benedictio:
tum	Procedenti ab utroque
Sensuum defectui.	Compar sit laudatio.

Ave, verum corpus natum.

Hail to Thee! true Body, sprung
 From the Virgin Mary's womb!
 The same that on the Cross was hung,
 And bore for man the bitter doom!

Thou, whose side was pierc'd, and flow'd
 Both with water and with blood;
 Suffer us to taste of Thee,
 In our life's last agony.

O kind, O loving One!
 O sweet Jesu, Mary's Son!

Adoro Te devote latens Deitas.

O GODHEAD hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
 Who truly art within the forms before me ;
 To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
 As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

Sight, touch, and taste in Thee are each deceiv'd ;
 The ear alone most safely is believ'd :
 I believe all the Son of God has spoken,
 Than truth's own word there is no truer token.

God only on the Cross lay hid from view ;
 But here lies hid at once the Manhood too :
 And I, in both professing my belief,
 Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see ;
 Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be :
 Make me believe Thee ever more and more ;
 In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

O thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying !
 O living Bread, to mortals life supplying !
 Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live ;
 Ever a taste of Heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Pelican ! O Jesu, Lord !
 Unclean I am, but cleanse me in thy blood ;
 Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,
 Can purge the entire world from all its guilt.

Jesu ! whom for the present veil'd I see,
 What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me :
 That I may see thy countenance unfolding,
 And may be blest thy glory in beholding.

[The following is usually sung after every stanza.]

Jesu, eternal Shepherd ! hear our cry ;
 Increase the faith of all whose souls on Thee rely.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

NIGHER still, and still more nigh
 Draws the Day of Prophecy,
 Doom'd to melt the earth and sky.

Oh, what trembling there shall be,
 When the world its Judge shall see,
 Coming in dread majesty!

Hark! the trump, with thrilling tone,
 From sepulchral regions lone,
 Summons all before the throne:

Time and Death it doth appal,
 To see the buried ages all
 Rise to answer at the call.

Now the books are open spread;
 Now the writing must be read,
 Which condemns the quick and dead:

Now, before the Judge severe
 Hidden things must all appear;
 Nought can pass unpunish'd here.

What shall guilty I then plead?
 Who for me will intercede,
 When the Saints shall comfort need?

King of dreadful Majesty!
 Who dost freely justify!
 Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Recollect, O Love divine !
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine
Thou thy glory didst resign :

Satest wearied seeking me ;
Sufferedst upon the Tree :
Let not vain thy labour be.

Judge of Justice, hear my prayer !
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare !
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.

Lo ! thy gracious face I seek ;
Shame and grief are on my cheek ;
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive ;
Didst the dying thief receive ;
Hence doth hope within me live.

Worthless are my prayers, I know ;
Yet, oh, cause me not to go
Into everlasting woe.

Sever'd from the guilty band,
Make me with thy sheep to stand,
Placing me on thy right hand.

When the curs'd in anguish flee
Into flames of misery ;
With the Blest then call Thou me.

Suppliant in the dust I lie ;
My heart a cinder, crush'd and dry ;
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh !

Full of tears, and full of dread,
 Is the day that wakes the dead,
 Calling all, with solemn blast,
 From the ashes of the past.

Lord of mercy! Jesu blest!
 Grant the Faithful light and rest.

THE END.



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